

## The Chess Challenge

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## The Chess Challenge

by [Not4typicalwriter](#)

### Summary

Day 2: Enemies to Lovers and Flowers

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"You wanna tell him Tubbo?" Fundy called.

Tubbo looked up from the board, looking at Fundy then George.

"Tell him what?" Tubbo said.

"Why he shouldn't have taken the challenge from Clay," Fundy said.

"Oh," Tubbo said. "I saw Clay with the Botez sisters at the cafe near Spruce St yesterday. They were playing chess."

Okay. Maybe now George is a little scared.

--

George always hated Clay. He was always bothering George, being loud in the library, trying to distract him by sitting next to him in class, always asking what George got in their latest test. George wanted nothing to do with him.

That was until Clay decided to challenge George into an official chess match, which by their club rules, is challenging George's position as head of the chess club.

In completely unrelated events, George has also been passing notes back and forth with a secret admirer called Dream for the past few months, and he's pretty convinced he's crushing pretty bad.

## Notes

Day 2 folks

Apparently a lot of people did a Highschool AU for the enemies to lovers trope so I'm just adding to the pile.

Hope this isn't boring tho and you guys will enjoy it!

PS (09 Aug 2021) fic will be rewritten to fit boundaries soon, be patient thanks.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*George hates him.*

*George really hates him.*

*George hates him with a burning passion.*

*Hates him with the fire of a thousand suns.*

*Hates his stupid hair. Hates his stupid face. Hates his stupid smile.*

*George hates Clay.*

"Stop staring you absolute psychopath," Karl said flicking George on the forehead.

"I'm not staring," George said defensively.

"You are most definitely staring, and you need to stop," Karl said. "Your eyes are just about to pop out of your skull, learn how to chill please."

"It's not fair," George sat back in his seat. "He can't be a quarterback, a straight-A student, and is trying to come for my head of chess-club position."

"Well if a person that's bad at sports, bad at school, and bad at chess exists, surely the opposite will exist," Quackity said.

"God has favorites," Karl agreed.

"You're only defending him because you're both down bad for his best friend," George mumbled.

"Do I like football? No. Will I sit in the stands in the rain to see that handsome linebacker do whatever a linebacker does?" Karl said.

"Yes," Quackity answered. "Every fucking day."

"You're both so pathetic," George shook his head. "There's literally two of you, and neither of you have had the guts to talk to him."

"Let us admire in peace, Jesus," Quackity said. "What crawled up your butt and died?"

"Haven't you been listening?" George looked at his friend.

"No, I've been staring at Sapnap," Quackity answered honestly.

"Clay is apparently coming for the head of chess-club title," Karl explained quickly.

"He also plays chess?" Quackity said. "That's hot."

"That is *not* hot," George scoffed.

"You are simply blinded because you're mooning over a faceless mystery man," Karl said. "Just

admit it, they're hot."

"They play football," George said with disgust.

"That's why it's hot," Quackity said.

The three friends turned to look at the people they'd been talking about sitting across the cafeteria. Their school's own quarterback, Clay, 6'3 blond hair, green eyes, apparently super charismatic and charming, not that George believes it. Then the linebacker, Sapnap, his best friend, sitting next to him, cracking jokes to the table of their teammates.

"Right," George sneered. "Look I gotta go."

"Time to get the book?" Karl asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about," George answered coolly.

"Q, he doesn't know what we're talking about," Karl said mockingly.

"Enjoy your secrets pretty boy," Quackity hummed.

"Don't call me that," George snapped and Quackity just smirked knowingly.

George went to put away his lunch tray, walking past the varsity table, looking at Clay and Sapnap, the center of the universe. There were a few others amongst them that George vaguely knew about, Punz and Wilbur. There's Techno who was more mysterious and quiet, Noah who was loud and funny, Punz who was cold but actually really friendly sometimes. Cara and Niki from the cheer team as well.

They were all nice each time George had to do a group project with them, they were friendly, and they're mostly on a first-name basis. George might even consider himself friends with some of them. Wilbur has driven him home a few times being Tubbo's brother and all. He actually preferred to work with Eret each time they had Chemistry class together.

Honestly, they're not that bad. None of them were particularly bullies, they didn't really pick on people- maybe tease a few freshmen and look intimidating. They were never not-nice to George

should they ever need to interact.

George didn't hate them. George hates *him*.

Ever since George moved here his freshman year, he'd always been a pain in George's neck. Sits at the back of the class but still manages to answer questions, goes into the library with his stupid jacket every time George needs to revise, always asks George how he felt about the upcoming test like the nerves wasn't already eating George alive, asking George why he doesn't ever support his home team because George would not come to a football game even if it kills him.

And even in the last year, he's gotten worse now. At least at the back of the class means George couldn't see him. But recently he's moved to the front of the class and sits next to George. An intimidation technique or something. He's trying to distract George.

"Calm down," George muttered to himself. Thinking about Clay riles him up. Every single time Clay asked for what George had gotten on the quiz that just got handed out. He never wins though. Only close, or equal to George's grades. George would never let him.

But now he's asking for a chess match? An official chess match? Does he know that asking for an official match before you join the team means gunning for the head position? If George loses-

"You're not gonna lose George, come on," George mumbled to himself. "He's a football player. He probably gets a few concussions a year from getting knocked around. You'll be fine."

George shook his head, trying to rid the thoughts of Clay from his head. He made his way to the roof of the school, or at least the staircase that leads to the roof. He has a little secret you see. A few months ago, he'd gotten a note slipped into his locker.

He's probably seen that note about a hundred times now, and he remembered it- memorized it like the back of his hand.

**Hi there,**

**This is awkward, and you should be suspicious, but I mean no harm. I promise. If you go to the staircase that leads to the roof, there's a dislodged brick on the Northside. I left a present for you. Just wanted you to have it.**

**You can leave a reply if you want to. But if you're not interested, I get it. I just think you're pretty cool you know? Anyway. Enjoy the present.**

**Dream :)**

To tell you the truth, George didn't check the present for a whole week. He thought it was a

mistake, and figured he'd save the person who sent the note the hassle and leave it there so they could just give another note to the actual recipient.

He kept the note though. He liked imagining that it was for him. Unfortunately, that means it's up for Karl and Quackity to find, and they did. They were the ones who got the single red rose, which unfortunately had wilted away, a small sealed box that contained a smiley keychain, and yet another note.

**Hi George,**

**Forgive me for still being a little nervous, but the color red looks really good on you, and you always make me smile. Hope you have a good week!**

**P.S.**

**Don't stress too much over that Geography quiz, you're smarter than half of the class combined.**

**Dream :)**

And it went downhill from there.

George sent a reply, and got another back, and sent another one. Then it became a routine. George would leave a letter before school ends and by lunch the next day, he would receive another. George wanted to keep all of the letters so after about a week, he decided that he really wants to keep track, so he got them a notebook. And so following that, they just passed the book in the dead drop every day.

And he can't wait to read Dream's latest note.

He carefully jiggled the brick out of the wall and pulled the little blue notebook from the cavity on the wall. George didn't even make the trip back down the stairs. He plopped himself down at the top of the steps and eagerly opened the book.

**Hey pretty boy,**

He's been starting to call George that a lot lately.

**C'mon now, you aren't seriously upset about a 97% on your Coding assignment, are you? Seems very Slytherin of someone who declares himself a Ravenclaw.**

Oh yeah, the messages have gotten a lot more playful recently.

**Glad to hear your cat is better after that vet trip. We should arrange a playdate with my Patches sometime.**

Also more personal.

**And to answer your question, I'm just feeling a bit tired lately. Wish I had more time to play video games but school and extracurriculars are really starting to get in the way. I'll live, it's fine.**

**On the other hand, I've been learning how to play chess so I could impress you when we meet. That's also taking my video game time, so I hope you really appreciate it.**

George did. George found this really cute. George felt butterflies in his stomach and his chest flutter. And even worse, he was blushing.

**You looked really pretty in that black and purple jacket yesterday. I liked it a lot. Got you purple flowers because of it. I don't exactly know what they are, I stole got them from my walk to school. (Guilty)**

**Dream :)**

George could never contain his smile after he reads the notes. He took a pen out of his pocket and immediately started to write his reply.

**Hi Dream :]**

**Listen, you don't have to learn how to play chess, I actually like teaching people chess. I can teach you how to play and it'll be cute. Spend some time playing video games, you probably deserve it.**

**And Ravenclaws are allowed to strive for perfection too FYI.**

**I don't know if you've seen me today, but I wore green. I can't really see green as you know, but you said it was your favorite so I hope that makes your day. I'll remember that you liked that purple one though.**

**Also, you keep bringing up this cat playdate. Is that ever going to happen? Are you ever going to let me see you?**

**- George**

And with that last question, George placed the book back in the drop. He took out the very small bouquet (one that he may have ignored for reading Dream's message) of purple flowers, hastily tied at the stem with some string, before placing the brick back and heading back down into the hallways.

To be fair, this isn't the first time George asked. Dream always replied with some variant of *soon* or *maybe* or even George's least favorite: *you don't wanna see me, trust me*.

But he does though, George really wants to see his secret admirer. His Dream. He'd made peace with his sexuality a while ago, and actually exactly because of Dream. George decided he couldn't care less what Dream looked like or who he was, he really, really likes Dream.

"Oh well, would you look at that?" Quackity hummed as George came into their English classroom. "Bellflowers today."

"Willing to bet you they plucked it out from Jimmy's garden," Karl cackled. "Poor Jimmy."

"Jimmy has these flowers?" George asked as he took his seat, placing the flowers on the corner of his desk.

"Relax, your mystery man isn't Jimmy," Karl said. "He would've just told me, are you dumb?"

"I didn't think it was, but Dream said he got it on his way to school-" George told them.

"Ah, so he lives a walking distance from Jimmy's," Quackity figured out. "That's another point to this list clues we've made."

"At least you're not cranky anymore," Karl said.

And as if he were summoned, Clay, Sapnap, and about three other people from the football team came walking into the classroom. George practically glowered.

"You had to jinx it," Quackity said, though he nearly hyperventilated when Sapnap walked by his seat.

While the rest of the football team took their seats, Clay made his way to the empty seat next to George. George may have hated him, but he will not be childish and petty enough to tell Clay the seat was taken even if it wasn't. Even if he really wanted to.

"Hey Georgie," Clay said as he took a seat. "Pretty flowers. For your girlfriend or from your girlfriend?"



"Neither," George answered curtly. "And don't call me Georgie."

"Flowers for yourself, I get it. Self-care," Clay nodded as he took out his copy of Hamlet. George just shook his head silently. "No?"

"No," George said, wishing the conversation would end.

"Well, they're really pretty. I hope they make you feel prepared for that chess match we have later," Clay smirked.

"Oh I'm well prepared," George said confidently.

"Good," Clay smiled at him. "Sorry we have to do it today, I can't miss practice tomorrow, but I won't interrupt your chess meeting so I'll come by after it's over."

"Three-thirty it is," George agreed.

"See you then," Clay said as their English teacher finally walked in.

George tried to spend the rest of the day without thinking about Clay. It is much, much harder than you would think it is due to them sharing about 90% of all of their classes. He could barely focus on anything any of the teachers said. He survived though, each time he got angry, he just resorted to looking at the purple flowers.

When the last bell rang, George said goodbye to Karl and Quackity before heading to the room where the chess club meeting is held. He was early, but not as early as two of his friends.

"Hey," George greeted as he walked into the room.

"You made a mistake," Fundy said immediately.

"Hello to you to Fundy," George mumbled. "What are you talking about?"

"You shouldn't have accepted the challenge," Fundy said. "I don't want the football guy to be head of the chess club."

"That only happens if I lose," George said. "What? You think I'm gonna lose?"

Fundy glanced nervously at Tubbo, the freshman that was staring at a puzzle on the chessboard.

"You wanna tell him Tubbo?" Fundy called.

Tubbo looked up from the board, looking at Fundy then George.

"Tell him what?" Tubbo said.

"Why he shouldn't have taken the challenge from Clay," Fundy said.

"Oh," Tubbo said. "I saw Clay with the Botez sisters at the cafe near Spruce St yesterday. They were playing chess."

Okay. Maybe now George is a little scared.

"They looked close, and he kissed their hands when he left," Tubbo shrugged.

"He's dating the Botez sisters," Fundy said pointedly. "Cheerleaders and absolute chess monsters from Riverside high."

"I know who the Botez sisters are Fundy," George hissed. "He's dating the Botez sisters? Which one?"

"Either one? Both?" Fundy exclaimed. "Who cares? That's why he wants to be the head of the chess club because *they're* Riverside's heads of the chess club."

"Power couple," Tubbo hummed.

"Tubbo this isn't a good thing," Fundy exclaimed.

"Look," George said. "They're amazing, I know. But I've also played since I was a child, and Clay hasn't. Crash course training isn't going to help him that much. I'll be fine."

"If you say so," Fundy said.

"I do say so," George insisted. "Now don't talk about it in front of everyone else," He said as the rest of the chess club came walking in.

Still, George's nerves were getting worse as his chess club passed by. He didn't play anyone, in fear of bad mojo. If he lost a game that could just be the beginning of the downfall.

And soon it was time for the chess meeting to disperse. George walked out to the hallway as the other members began leaving. As the earliest there, they were also the last ones to leave.

"You got this. I don't want him to be head of the chess club," Fundy told George.

"Okay, I know why I hate him, but why do you hate him?" George asked. "Isn't Eret on the football team and friends with him?"

"Exactly, I don't need more football people to come into my safe space," Fundy said. "Let alone the quart- oh no."

Fundy's eyes trailed off and he visibly gulped. George followed his eyesight and saw what Fundy was apparently stressed about. The Botez sisters were at their school, both talking very excitedly towards Clay, giving him a pat on the back and a hug for support.

"You're done, you're just done," Fundy said.

And now Clay is waving goodbye and walking over.

"Hey Fundy," Clay greeted. "I'm actually glad I caught you, you mind giving Eret back their jacket? They accidentally left it in the shower after gym and I don't know their locker code."

"Yeah," Fundy slowly nodded. "Sure," he mumbled as he took his sibling's jacket from Clay. "Have a good match," He grimaced, looking at George intensely before finally leaving.

"And Tubbo's also still here, hey Tubbo," Clay greeted kindly.

"Hello," Tubbo replied timidly.

"I wanna talk about your friend Ranboo sometime because it seems like he just runs away every time I try to talk to him, and Coach really wants to see if he's interested in trying out for the football team," Clay said confusingly. "Y'know, he's really tall and- well he might be better at basketball or volley actually, but we can't get that conversation across because he won't stop running away from me."

"Oh wow, someone running away from you," George mumbled sarcastically. "Must be a new experience huh?"

"You wanna say that to my face George?" Clay said with a smirk.

"I didn't say anything," George replied coolly.

"Oh yeah, Ranboo is a little intimidated by you and he doesn't like confrontation," Tubbo said.

"Is Techno better?" Clay asked. "I mean Techno- you know Techno."

"I think they're kind of friends yeah," Tubbo nodded.

"Cool, I'll let Techno know to talk to him then," Clay smiled. "Thank you Tubbo."

"You're welcome," Tubbo gleamed. "Good luck to both of you," He cheered before walking away.

"You trying to steal my members away from me?" George raised an eyebrow.

"I would do no such thing," Clay said. "Shall we?"

George wordlessly went into the room, Clay following behind him. He'd set up the chessboard on a table with 2 opposing seats. A chess clock on the table, a single coin on top of it. George closed the door behind them so no one could disturb them.

"Guest calls," George said as he picked up the coin.

"Oh I'm good with either color, you can choose," Clay said.

"Follow the rules Clay," George said warningly. "Guest, calls."

"Heads," Clay shrugged and George threw the coin into the air and caught it in his hand. Just his luck.

"It's heads so you get to choose," George said.

"Oh well," Clay started. "I don't really-" George just silently looked at him. "Do you mind if I take white?"

*Do I mind if- What is he on?*

"No," George was baffled that he even asked, but he quickly switched the board to position the white in front of Clay. "Is ten minutes good for you?" Clay nodded. "Tell me when you're ready and I'll start your clock."

"I'm ready," Clay said, and George clicked the button.

And so the game began.

George did not know how good Clay would be. To be fair, this was their first match, he never had the time to gauge his skills. But with the first few moves, George found that Clay at least knew his openings pretty well.

Pawns were moved, then knights, then the paths began to open for the bishops. For the first 5 minutes, they were setting up the board and they were being careful.

Then George made the first move and took a pawn. They were still being very careful with their moves, but it was starting to get intense. For the next 6 minutes, pieces began dropping. It was pawns, knights, bishops, rooks, they were mostly on equal stance until George blundered.

George made a move so stupid he never wants to play chess again. He's blundered his queen halfway through the game and Clay seized it almost instantly. He moved too fast without thinking, his preferred chess was usually bullet, that he now has to try and fix his blunder.

His following moves had so much thought that he ended up spending 3 minutes of his own clock. So now he's in distress over the fact that in the last 14 minutes that have passed, a little less than 8 of it were from George, leaving Clay with nearly double George's remaining time.

And boy, was the clock ticking down and the board becoming bare.

Clay was making his moves at a steady pace, not nearly as nervous as George was. He did still occasionally glance at the clock.

As they continue to move up the board, now George had less than a minute to either checkmate or timeout. And it looked like he was going to lose on both. Clay was as up to pieces and very calm on time while George was in shambles.

George made a move at 43 seconds, though Clay apparently knew exactly how to counter it. George had to think quicker, the clock now ticking towards 28 seconds when he returned his move and managed to catch a white castle. And yet again, Dream only spent 15 seconds of his abundant time to make his move.

So now, George is panicking. The clock is ticking down to 25, 20, 15-

"I resign," Clay said, hands hitting the clock and immediately stopped the game. He knocked his own king over and sat back. "Good game."

George was so shellshocked that he honestly didn't know what to say. Well, that's a lie. He did know what to say.

"What the fuck?" George muttered. "It was my turn."

"Does it matter?" Clay shrugged. "You make your move then I resign after, the point is, you won."

"No," George's eyebrows furrowed. "I was low on time and you were up a piece, you were winning what do you mean *I resign*?"

"I mean I didn't see a way I could've won that game," Clay said.

"You were two moves away from Checkmate, and I had 15 seconds, you would've won either way," George said.

"Eh," Clay shrugged. "I don't think I would've. Good game though." He smiled at George.

George continued to stare at his nemesis, mouth agape as he tried to process. The football star was lounging back on the chair, arms folded across his chest as he continued to smile.

"I don't need your pity," George said. "You won, you were winning."

"I wasn't pitying you, I just-" Clay said. "I resigned, that's all."

"What is your deal?" George asked harshly. "Seriously, what's your deal?"

"My deal?" Clay mumbled. "I don't know, just wanted to play a bit of chess I guess."

"And come for the head of chess club position?" George said. "To do what? So you can be like a chess power couple with the Botez sisters?"

"Power cou- George, what are you talking about?" Clay began to sit up straight.

"Honestly, what is your deal? You can't let me have anything?" George said. "Do you just hate me that much?"

"Hate yo-"

"If I have to study at the library, you're always there and you're always loud and trying to distract me. You always want to beat my test scores, you always make me feel bad for not going to football games, now you wanna take away chess from me?" George began to ramble. "You already have the football thing, see I'm not good at football, that's *your thing*. Can't you let me have *my thing*? Let me have chess, stop trying to take my achievements from me."

"I-" Clay looked like someone had slapped him across the face, and George felt like he'd just slapped someone across the face.

"Whatever," George shook his head. "You won, fair and square, the chess club is yours," he sighed as he began to clean up the chessboard.

"George I-" Clay began, but George didn't stop moving. George ignored him as he packed away the clock as well. "George, I never meant to- My intention wasn't to take away your chess club."

"Oh yeah," George hummed bitterly. "What is it then?"

"To spent time with you?" Clay exclaimed. "I don't know, be your friend?"

"Right," George scoffed coldly.

"I think you're cool," Clay said. "I think you're nice and super smart. And I think it's kind of endearing when you panic over a 97% even though you're setting the curve. And I know you like cats, and I like cats, and I thought we could be friends!"

George froze in his tracks.

"And it's kind of dorky, but in a cute way I like how super into video games you are. And Harry Potter, you're super into Harry Potter," Clay continued. "And I like Geography, and you like Geography too-"

"I never told you that," George interjected. "I never told you any of that." George turned sharply and stared at Clay. "How do you know any of that?"



"Well I-" Clay shut his mouth and his lip thinned. He looked a little like a mouse caught in a trap before he sighed and decided- fuck it. "I read it."

"You read it?" George asked.

"Yep," Clay nodded.

Clay leaned down to grab a little notebook from his bag and placed it on the table. The little notebook sent shocks down George's spine. He saw red.

"You stole my notebook?" George growled dangerously.

"I didn't steal it," Clay said defensively.

"That's private, that wasn't *for* you," George spat.

"I know it's private-"

"And you still read it?" George exclaimed. "So what? You found it in someone's bag and just decided to read it?"

"No, it's in the wall on th-"

"So you just took it from the drop?" George glared accusingly.

"Look, let me-" Clay wanted to say something but George was raging.

"That's a private conversation that I have with a friend-"

"A friend," Clay scoffed. "More like a secret admirer."

"And it's none of your business," George said. "It's none of your business if they like me or not."

"Oh, they definitely like you," Clay mumbled sarcastically. "Or else they wouldn't be leaving flowers three times a week." George was fuming still. "And I think you like them too."

"I don't care what you th-" George began venomously though he was cut off by Clay.

"Or else you wouldn't still be wearing that smiley keychain on your bag," Clay finished.

If it was possible for George to get a heart attack twice in one day, he probably did. His heart dropped to the floor. The keychain was the first thing he got. And it was in the letters, not the notebook. He may have mentioned it a few times but there were dozens of interactions and he really doubts Clay read through them all.

"How did you-" George's eyebrows furrowed as he took a step back.

"Oh good god," Clay groaned. "I'm Dream, I'm Dream!" He exclaimed in frustration. "I give you flowers three times a week, and I draw the cute smileys that you like so much. I'm the one that thinks you're really cute and would love to marathon the entirety of 8 Harry Potter movies with you because you like them so much."

"No," George began. "No, there's no way."

Clay groaned loudly as he jumped and sat on a table. He leaned back against the wall, putting one foot up on the table, resting his arms on it, and stared flatly at George.

"Alright you caught me," Clay said sarcastically. "I saw a little freshman go to the rooftop and come down with a book so I kidnapped your secret admirer, kept him in the locker room, and interrogated him to prank you."

"You-" *There was no way George believed that right.* "You kidn-"

"No I did not kidnap-" Clay sputtered. "I swear to god George, I swear-" Clay threw his hands in the air. "I don't know if it's the chess or the studying, pretty boy your brain is fried."

*Pretty boy.*

The words that George had been reading for the past few weeks sounded and felt different coming from the lips of his greatest nemesis.

"Why would you do that to me?" George asked. "Make me think that someone likes me? Send letters for months. Make me happier than I've ever- Just to mess with me?"

"Make you think- mess with you?" Clay sighed. "George. Someone does like you," He insisted. "Me. Right here. I like you!" Clay yelled as he pointed at himself.

George was confused. George was fucking oblivious.

"I wasn't trying to come for your chess club, hell I learned chess *for* you," Clay insisted.

"You *learned* chess?" George repeated slowly.

"Yeah," Clay scoffed. "I learned what en passant is, and castling. Trading queens, trading pawns, the whole nine. Openings. I learned the Queen's gambit. And not just the TV show- I binged that thinking it would help but it didn't really unless I wanted to try sleeping pills. I had to ask for help from the Botez sisters. There's no *couple*. I'm not dating either of them let alone both of them, they were teaching me chess."

"You were learning *chess*?" George asked. "Why would you learn chess for me?"

"Because I know you hate football," Clay said. "Your two friends might make the effort to go watch Sapnap play, swooning over him like a couple of idiots, but I know you won't. And I can't use a normal excuse because you're far too stressed out about school grades so I can't even ask you out on a study date or be lab partners- not when you keep ignoring me every time I try to talk to you or sit with you at the library."

George was taken aback by the words he's listening to right now. His brain told him that Clay was probably lying. Though, as much as he knew about Clay, or what he's been saying about Dream, it didn't seem like he was lying.

"I moved to the front of the class so I can sit with you, and I ask you about your grades so you won't be super stressed about it and feel happy knowing you're still the smartest. Listen, I don't

care about grades. I would be happy to *completely* fail a test just to make you extra happy, but I can't afford to fail anything because Coach won't let me go on away games if that happens," Clay explained.

"So you learned chess?" This was probably the third time George said something like this.

"Yes," Clay looked at George straight in the eyes. "I thought we could spend time together. And you love chess and that was the only thing I could think about. Because I am pathetic and desperate, and you're super cute and you avoid me like a plague, so I can't even attempt to seduce you with Harry Potter trivia."

George choked out a burst of laughter. Clay smiled, finally feeling a bit of relief and joy seeing George be anything but hostile towards him.

"You know Harry Potter trivia?" George asked softly. "I thought you've never read Harry Potter."

"Movie trivia," Clay clarified. "I've seen it all, try me."

"Sorry, I only care about book trivia," George said playfully.

"Damn it," Clay said sarcastically.

There was silence in the chess club room. A slightly comfortable silence that Clay and George enjoyed. George sat down on a chair, looking back at the star quarterback of his school in front of him.

"George," Clay called after a while. "Will you *please* go out with me?" He begged.

George bit his lip thinking about the question. In his heart of hearts, he really wants to believe it now. And you know what? Maybe he should.

"I'll go out with you-" George said and Clay's eyes lit up. "If you let me beat you in chess," George said jokingly.

"Oh easy," Clay jumped on the opportunity. "I don't know anything about chess. What are knights? I only know horsies. There, done. You've beaten me," Clay rambled sarcastically.

George was giggling at Clay's attempt to make him happy. Clay got off the table and moved to the chess table, a smile on his face absolutely gleaming at George.

"I'm kidding, by the way," George said. "You won. You've gotten very good at chess in such a short period of time."

"Literally could not care less," Clay said and George continued to laugh.

"See I hate that about you-" George began. "*I don't care about grades,*" He mimicked Clay's voice. "*I couldn't care less about che-*"

Clay rolled his eyes and surged forward, taking George's face in his hand and pulled him in for a kiss across the chess table. To say that George was surprised when their lips crashed was an understatement.

But Dream's lips were soft and sweet, nothing like he expected. His touch was gentle and kind. Subtle movements as Dream's lips curved into a smile when he realized that George was in fact, kissing back.

"You hate me?" Dream asked cheekily after they pulled apart, both of them panting.

They were still really close. Foreheads touching faces merely inched from each other.

"So much," George shook his head before leaning forward for another kiss.

And that's when it finally hit George. The teasing comments about the flowers, the lab partner swap that he'd requested (and George had rejected much to Karl's dismay as he would've been partnered with Sapnap), the asking for grades but always with a smile and just a little '*You're so smart George.*' as a reply.

How Dream always knew what he wore that day, was because Dream had always been so close. He was always next to George.

Clay was his Dream.

The thought in itself made George want to laugh. The kissing part was also nice.

"Hey, there pretty boy," Dream said flirtatiously after pulling apart. "I do love green on you."

George was blushing furiously red. He pulled back and covered his face in embarrassment, causing Dream to simply laugh at him.

"Shut up," George whined as he softly kicked Dream under the table.

"Was I a disappointment?" Dream asked.

"The worst disappointment of all time," George said. "My actual nemesis. My greatest enem-"

"Woah, woah-" Dream interjected. "That rivalry has always been one-sided, I'm not your nemesis, you were just a bully. This is bullying behavior."

"I'm not-" George laughed. "I'm not a bully."

"Uh-huh," Dream hummed. "Always so mean to me, ignoring me and plotting my murder at the back of your mind."

"I'm-" George giggled, covering his face yet again. "I'm sorry."

"It's gonna cost you a dinner date," Dream sang.

George could barely contain his smile as his absolute giddiness in his chest. Heart thumping at miles an hour as he peeked out of his hands to finally look at Dream again.

"I'll do you one better," George offered. "I'll go to your game this Saturday."

"Really?" Dream's eyes widened and George nodded. "You hate football."

"Well I kinda have a crush on the quarterback, don't tell anyone though," George mumbled jokingly and Dream laughed. "And I mean, you learned chess for me. It's the least I can do."

"Okay," Dream grinned. "I'll take you up on that promise."

"I will be there, I promise," George said. "And I'll be there with my two idiot friends so they can moon on your linebacker."

"Yeah, so is either of them going to actually talk to him, or are they just going to stare every time he walks by?" Dream asked.

"Honestly, no clue," George huffed. "I think it's also the case of which one should go talk to him."

"Why not both?" Dream said. "Sapnap's an open guy and both your friends are really cute."

"No," George shook his head adamantly. "You're only allowed to think I'm cute," He interjected immediately causing Dream to laugh.

"Alright, pretty boy," Dream nodded as he stood up, offering a hand to George to help him get up. "I'm going to take the cutest boy in the whole school to a fancy dinner after I win the football game on Saturday."

"You're going to win huh?" George said as he grabbed his bag with his left hand as his right was still holding Dream.

"Oh yeah, for sure," Dream said confidently as the two left the classroom. "I mean, what? Am I not going to win when my crush is going to be on the stands cheering for me? C'mon now."

"Don't you have a victory dinner after though?" George asked.

"They can have one victory dinner without me," Dream shrugged. "I have more important prior engagements," He said proudly as he took the hand that was still holding George's and placed a

kiss on the back of George's hand.

"Stop it," George laughed. "I could also do Sunday? If you wanna hang with your team afterward, I don't mind."

"Maybe, maybe," Dream contemplated. "Or I mean, I could show you off during the team victory dinner?"

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"Holy shit," Quackity mumbled.

"No way," Karl cackled.

"George?" They both exclaimed.

George *was* going to tell them, he was. They were his best friends after all. But he wanted the secret to stay a secret just a little longer before it inevitably gets exposed tonight.

So no, his best friends did not know that he was going to show up at school, more specifically the bleachers, on a Saturday to watch the football game.

"Hey," George tried to sound cool as he approached his friends, taking a seat in between them with a smirk.

"What are you doing here?" Quackity asked.

"Came to watch the game," George shrugged.

"Since when?" Karl asked.

"Just felt like it," George said easily. "Look, the game is starting."



Karl and Quackity shared a look. Both of them had questions and most definitely concerns, but decided that George was right and they'd much rather watch the game and harass him later.

The cheer team was screaming, the players were getting on the field. George watched closely until he saw number 16, Dream's number. The players didn't have their helmets on, so George, who was in prime seating at the front of the bleacher thanks to Karl and Q, the two biggest football *fans*, could see Dream face.

He caught Dream looking his way and when he found his eyes, George winked. Dream chuckled, shaking his head, and continued to talk to his teammates. Every once in a while though, he'd smile in George's direction.

Now George didn't care much about football and he didn't know much about it either. He wasn't sure how the point system worked or what quarterbacks and linebackers even do. But watching Dream be good at what he does is really making the time go by faster.

Two hours and 15 minutes later, including halftime, and one unfortunate injury that fortunately did not happen to their home team, the game was over with a 27 to 24 win.

George had to close his ears as the stands screaming their lungs out. He watched as Dream was celebrating with his friends, the cheer team running to the field to celebrate with them. Dream broke off from the group, looking at the stands. When he caught George's eyes again, he simply nudged his head telling him to come over.

The team left to go shower before the so deemed victory dinner, and slowly the stands died down. The people had started to go home.

"You guys wanna come with me?" George asked both his friends as they were leaving. "I got a surprise for you both."

"Surprise?" Karl said. "George you shouldn't have," He teased.

"You're so sus today, what surprise?" Quackity said.

"You're gonna like it I promise," George said as he gently pushed his friends' to follow him.

George quickly made his way towards the locker rooms, against the complaints of his friends. He made sure to take his time, knowing the team was probably still showering.

"George what are we doing?" Karl whined.

"Waiting," George said, as he took out his phone and sent a quick text to Dream telling him that George was outside.

"I'm hungry George, let's go eat," Quackity said.

"We are going to go eat, just be patient for a bit," George shushed them down.

The door of the locker room opened and out popped a head of blonde hair and a gleaming smile.

"You didn't even cheer for me you jerk," Dream said the moment he saw George.

"What? I came," George said defensively.

"Yeah, but you didn't like clap or shout or cheer," Dream rolled his eyes. "Blow me a kiss or something you know?"

"Maybe next time," George said.

"Next time, right," Dream drawled. He looked back into the locker room where his team were no doubt still getting dressed. Dream banged the door twice to get everyone's attention. "Hey boys, my boyfriend is coming to team dinner, alright?"

"BOoo!" A couple of voices yelled from inside of the locker room.

"Clay you're such a simp!" Punz's voice yelled.

"I'm not hearing any of it," Dream snapped back.

George had a small smile on his face as he felt Karl and Quackity's eyes bulge out of their skulls.

"Boyfriend?" Karl whispered.

"*Boyfriend?*" Quackity hissed.

"We had a very good chess game," George said smoothly.

"You're joking," Quackity said. "You're actually joking."

"Does pizza sound good for you?" Dream turned to look at George again. "I could skip out and do Japanese," he offered again.

"Pizza's fine Dream," George said.

"Oh," Karl said after sudden realization. "OH!"

"Right, Clay you absolute simp, who's the boyf-" Punz opened the door and shoved Dream out of the way. "It's George!"

"What?" Wilbur's voice boomed from inside of the locker room. "I'm going to tell him Clay's embarrassing stories, Punz bring him in!"

Punz took George's arm and pulled him inside the locker room, Dream still at the doorway just chuckling.

"Did you know when Clay sprained his wrist last year it wasn't because of football, it was because he slipped in the shower playing catch with soap?" Techno yelled.

"Oh my god, Tech-" Dream groaned. "I should probably get him," He turned to Quackity and Karl, who were still perplexed, to say the least. "In the meantime-" Dream turned and waved over his best friend who came jogging over. "Alex, Karl, meet Sapnap."

"Hey," Sapnap smiled as he ran his hand through his hair. Both Quackity and Karl's hearts just about stopped. "Did you guys enjoy the game?"

"Yeah," Karl squeaked out. "Yeah it was cool." And Quackity just nodded.

"You both are also invited for the pizza, it's on me," Dream told them with a wink before going back into the locker room to find George.

"And listen-" Dream was following Wilbur's voice. "We all know he's attractive, but if he ever does anything, I'm available."

"Will-" Dream called warningly though George was just laughing along.

"Okay, but this makes sense now," Punz said. "Remember when Clay was late for practice last week then had to run laps? And he rolled off the midfield? Remember who was there?"

"Punz shut up," Dream hissed.

"Oh cause George had to come talk to me about the Chem project-" Eret said. "Wow Clay, you really got distracted and tripped over yourself."

"You all suck. You all suck, I hate all of you," Dream said.

George looked up to Dream. Or Clay. I guess they're both the same person. His Dream. His Clay.

Dream was hiding his glowing red face in his hands before going to shove his friends on the shoulders to shut them up. Maybe some playful tackling. George continued to smile and that's when he realized,

George likes him.

George really likes him.

George likes him with a burning passion.

Likes him with the fire of a thousand suns.

Likes his stupid hair. Likes his stupid face. Likes his stupid smile.

George likes Dream.

## End Notes

comments and kudos are very very appreciated!

Suggestions are very pog (doesn't have to be DNF week, could be for any fics outside of this)

See yall tomorrow for day 3

I have all fics for DNF week, so if you'd like, you can subscribe to series or you can also user subscribe :3

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